NOTE: In this newspaper appearance, the pages after the table of contents were divided and enlarged to fill 8 1/2" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.

EDITED FOR THE PEOPLE OF DELAWARE VALLEY U.S.A.

THE INQUIRER Today MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

Today We Remember:

PHILADELPHIANS (but not Bostonians) claim that this city fostered America's first railroad line. On July 31, 1809, Thomas Leiper, tobacco merchant in Philadelphia, exhibited a model tramway along Second st., above Poplar; and later that year he constructed what is said to be the Nation's first permanent railway.

Although Leiper, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, had made a fortune from his snuff mills in Delaware county, he also worked a quarry which supplied stone for Philadelphia. He built the railroad to carry stone from quarries on Crum Creek to the Delaware River, about three-quarters of a mile.

On the day of Leiper's experiment, a carriage with four grooved wheels was placed on 180 feet of track at the lower end of a steep grade. A horse, walking in the four-foot space of loose dirt between the tracks, pulled a load of more than 10,000 pounds. Horses pulled similar loads on the tramway for nearly 20 years. Leiper's eldest son discovered during the interim, however, that rails, wooden cars with flanged wheels and horses were more expensive than water transportation. In 1825 he opened a canal and, four years later, abandoned the railway. Boston claims a railroad got its start in that city in 1807.

ON THE COVER

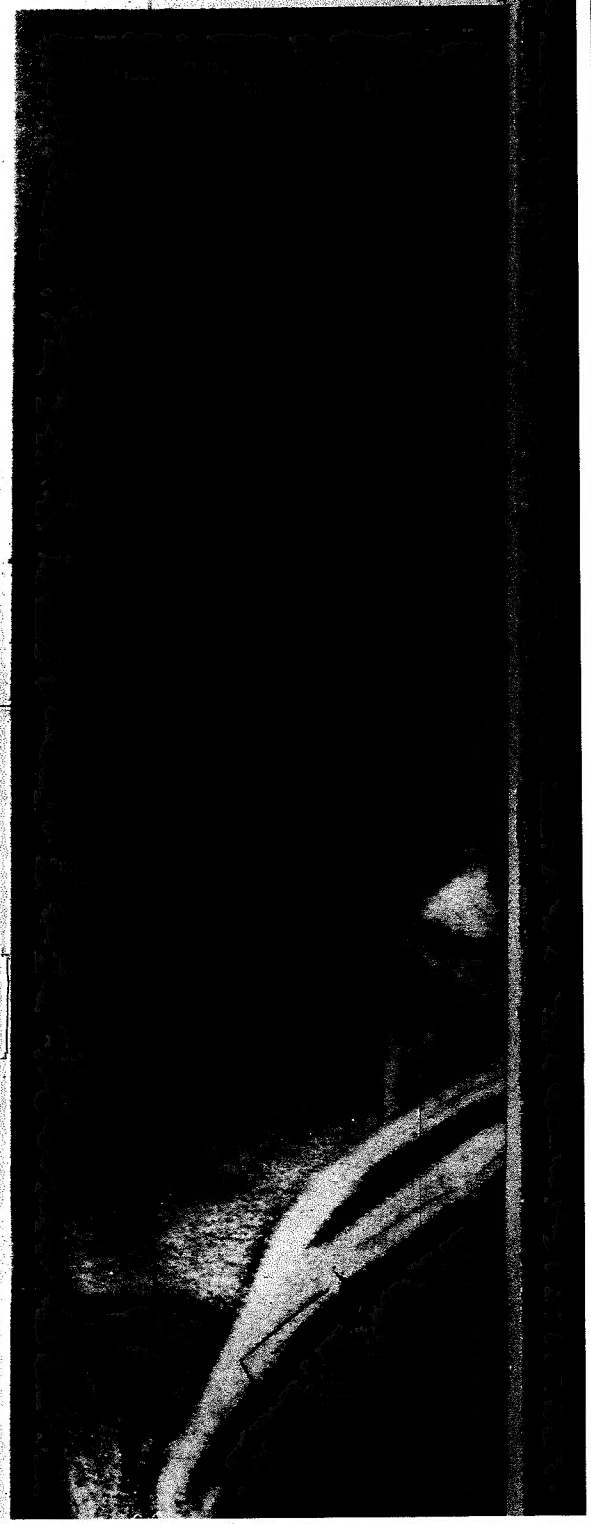
THE Blue Angels, U. S. Navy's Flight Demonstration Team, was organized in 1946 at the Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla. It was formed as an exhibition team to represent the Navy at air shows and similar events. In the beginning the team flew the Grumman F6F. Today the Blue Angels demonstrate tactics developed by Navy pilots in combat, illustrating the capabilities of aircraft, and developing interest in prospective Naval aviators. On our cover the team streaks skyward in F11F "Tiger" jets in a demonstration of high-speed precision flying. The Blue Angels will perform on the last two days of the National Model Airplane Championships at the Naval Air Station, Willow Grove, Pa., Aug. 3 and 4.

Inquirer FICTION

MINOR ENGAGEMENT

Dashing rival with a sports car causes poor George to reverse his courtship to get what he wants

By Jack Ritchie



"MONEY isn't everything," I said. "My mother had none and yet she watched her husband scrub the floors with a song in her heart."

Jeff Curry leaned on the hood of his car. "I could afford two of these, George, but I hate to be ostentatious."

I nodded. "I always say that you can't wear more than one Jaguar at a time. That's something to think about. It sort of makes all men equal."

Gloria Mathews touched the upholstery. "I can just feel Paris, Rome, London."

"This year I'll go all-out, Gloria," I said positively. "We'll take in the Brattwurst Festival at Sheboygan."

Jeff opened the door. "We'll take a spin around the block, Gloria." He looked at me. "That is, if good old George doesn't mind?"

I watched them drive off and then went back into the Mathews house.

Gloria's younger sister, Kathy, shook her dark hair and looked at me dubiously. "Doesn't it worry you to let Gloria ride with him?"

"Of course not," I said. "Jeff is a

room and up the chimney if necessary."

Kathy followed me to the mirror. "And then you had to come in carrying a rolled-up umbrella."

I studied my reflection and put a cigar in my mouth. "How long must I wait for the distinguished gray at my temples?" I asked sadly.

Kathy closed her eyes. "A cigar makes you look at least ten years older."

Jeff and Gloria returned a few minutes later.

Her eyes were radiant. "It's a dream car. The upholstery is heavenly."

I walked away from the mirror. "As soon as I change the oil filter in mine, she's good for another ten years."

Jeff lit a cigaret and exhaled smoke lazily. "She won't take off like the jet I jockeyed in Korea, but she'll do an easy one ten on the straightaway."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'm a veteran, too. I had charge of cigaret rationing at a replacement depot. Would you believe it, those boys used to consume five thousand packs a day, but once I

"Good," I said. "The child needs some recreation."

He nodded. "I guess maybe that's true. What's a seven-letter word meaning 'out of line; winding'?"

I opened my mouth and then shut it. "I'm sure I don't know, sir."

The car was a little balky when I drove Gloria to the dance. I explained to her that it was because of the fuel pump, but she wasn't paying attention.

Her eyes were dreamy. "Jeff's been to Rio de Janeiro. He's going again next year."

At the clubhouse, we danced about 30 seconds and then Gloria frowned. "Just what step are you supposed to be doing?"

I smiled sheepishly. "I'm sorry. I thought this was a polka." I switched to a box waltz.

Gloria let out her breath and glared.

I concentrated intently and listened to the music. "Tango?"

Gloria had a brilliant smile for Jeff when he cut in.

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floors with a song in her heart."

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Gloria's younger sister, Kathy, shook her dark hair and looked at me dubiously. "Doesn't it worry you to let Gloria ride with him?"

"Of course not," I said. "Jeff is a very fine driver."

I walked into the kitchen for a glass of water and Kathy followed.

"Don't you see the danger?" she asked. "Gloria is so impressionable and Jeff has so much to offer." There was a touch of exasperation in her voice. "Men just can't see the noses in front of their faces."

I experimented. "Yes, I can, too. But for the life of me I just can't see the sense of it."

I went back into the dining room and walked around the table. Kathy followed in my tracks. "You dress entirely too conservatively. There is no color in your ties."

I walked around Judge Mathews reading the paper in his easy chair. "I once had a tattersall vest, but that was when I was six months younger."

Kathy followed me into the breakfast room, around the table, and back into the living room. "Don't you realize that you're acting like an old man? Gloria wants gaiety, excitement, glamor."

Judge Mathews looked up. "My boy, when women are determined to talk to you, they'll follow you from room to a rolled-up umbrella."

I studied my reflection and put a cigar in my mouth. "How long must I wait for the distinguished gray at my temples?" I asked sadly.

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"Yes, sir," I said. "I'm a veteran, too. I had charge of cigaret rationing at a replacement depot. Would you believe it, those boys used to consume five thousand packs a day, but once I got my rigid system in operation, it jumped to eight thousand."

Jeff studied me. "How long have you been a lawyer, George? Ten years? Fifteen?"

"Only three," I said. "But Judge Mathews is quite fond of me. He thinks I'm steady and reliable." I glanced at Jeff's haircut. "Also level-headed."

I puffed my cigar and smiled amiably. "All I want from life is just a little four-room cottage with roses climbing their fool heads off all over the place. And then after a year or so we'll build an addition. I hate to park my car on the street."

I slipped into my topcoat and got my umbrella. "Now don't you forget about that Eagle's Club dance tonight, Gloria." I smiled at Jeff. "I'm the sergeant-at-arms, but there's a lot of agitation to make it lieutenant-at-arms. Everybody thinks I deserve the commission."

At 7:30 in the evening I was back at the Mathews home with a corsage.

Judge Mathews was working a crossword puzzle. "Gloria will be down in a minute. You're liable to meet Jeff at the dance. He's an Eagle, too, and he took Kathy a little while ago."

true. What's a seven-letter word meaning 'out of line; winding'?"

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I wandered over to the sidelines and lit a cigar. Gloria and Jeff danced quite beautifully. Kathy was doing rather well herself and she suffered from no lack of partners.

I smoked cigars with only a few interruptions and at 11:30 I took Gloria home.

When we entered the empty Mathews living room, Gloria turned to me. "He's been to Montevideo, too."

I searched my pockets, but I was out of cigars.

Gloria hesitated a few moments and then took my hand. "George, you know I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

I nodded. "You have a kind heart, my dear."

She looked away. "George, it's not only money and travel."

I sighed. "You're so right. Some people can take Sheboygan or leave it alone."

She met my eyes. "Then you know what I'm trying to say?"

"I'm afraid so," I said. "But that's the way the ball bounces. Are you sure that Jeff is the best for you?"

Her voice was soft. "Yes, George. I'm sorry."

Gloria started up the stairs and

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH P. KRUSH

paused at the landing. "He played polo in Argentina."

There was a light in the kitchen and I went in.

Judge Mathews was eating a sandwich and Kathy was sniffling into a handkerchief.

She looked up. "It's all over, isn't it?"

I let my shoulders slump. There was a platter of cold cuts on the table. I

"That's the way the ball bounces," George said, after Gloria had jilted him. "Are you sure that Jeff is the best for you?"

took two slices of rye bread and considered the selection.

Kathy daubed at her eyes. "You made your big mistake when you introduced her to Jeff. You should have known better."

Judge Mathews put down his sandwich and opened the newspaper to the crossword puzzle. "Devious. That's the word." He filled in the squares and then extended a cigar.

I shook my head. "No, thanks. I've just given them up."

Kathy sobbed gently. "Poor George with his umbrella, his cigaret rationing and his dancing didn't have a chance. The competition was too much."

Judge Mathews picked up his sandwich. "I'm the one who brought George into this house and I know considerably more about him than either Gloria or you do, Kathy."

He grinned. "He was a jet pilot during the war, too, and he won the last Eagle's dancing contest."

I put a little mustard on my bologna.

Kathy stopped crying and stared at me.

Judge Mathews sipped his coffee. "George got engaged to Gloria before you came home from college, Kathy. And then he saw you. I guess he figured that it would look much better if Gloria was the one who broke the engagement."

Kathy did not speak to me until the next day when I came to the house wearing my tattersall vest.

Now the outside of our home is chock full of roses climbing their fool heads off.

And we've built an addition. I still have to park my car on the street.

THE END